rushed to the commander of the tanks and told him to deploy the division in front of the palace. Before he could do so, however, Trotsky succeeded in persuading the sailors to release their prisoner.

On the heels of the Kronstadt mob came crowds of armed workers. Brandishing rifles, they demanded that the Executive Committee take over power. There was no point in trying to talk to them. Nobody from the Committee went out. The crowds just marched in front of the palace, roaring demands, threats, and jeers.

The commandant of the palace came to see me. Only eighteen men of the service company of the Pavlovsky Regiment were on duty. In reserve were fourteen men from the crews of tanks. There were not enough for even the posts at the main entrance. Now the whole palace was full of armed workers, soldiers, and sailors. From the hall they made their way into the corridors and offices.

At seven o'clock, when a particularly aggressive crowd filled the plaza in front of the palace, a shot resounded. There had been so much shooting that day that one more shot made no difference, but somebody yelled that the shot had come from the palace. A panic broke out in the crowd. Those who were near the entrance rushed inside, dragging our guards with them. I remained outside the entrance, trying to figure out what to do next. Our citadel was in the hands of the enemy. The Communist leaders had retired, apparently leaving it to "the flower and glory of the revolution" to finish the job.

Suddenly martial music came from the far end of the street. It became louder and louder. I went to the edge of the colonnade to see what was going on. A regiment in march formation was approaching the palace with a band at its head, the regimental banner flanked by two red flags, officers in the front line of each company. . . . The regiment took up a position in front of the palace. An officer and half a dozen enlisted men climbed the steps and asked to see somebody from the Executive Committee. I went to them.

It was the 176th Regiment, stationed at Tsarskoye Selo, some ten miles from Petrograd. In the morning the regiment had received an order to march to Petrograd to defend the revolution. It left as ordered, without asking where the order came from. While crossing the capital, the soldiers were disgusted by the signs of pogroms, but they continued their march toward the headquarters of the Executive Committee. They were shocked again when they discovered that the Tauride Palace was surrounded by a rioting crowd. Now their representatives asked me what they were to do. I said, "Take over guard duty. The commandant will show you the posts. Your first assignment will be to clear the building of intruders."

Dan and I went along the lines of the regiment, greeting each company in the name of the Executive Committee. Company after